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No, no, my tongue waits not for sordid ore,
 To laud that king, whom friends and foes adore.
 Enough that I his praise may feebly speak,
 No other honour or reward I seek.
 My brush may seem capricious and severe,
 While making vice in its own swarth appear,
 Or holding up a set of fools to shame,
 Who dare to arrogate an author's name.
 Yet shall I ever treat with fond respect,
³⁸ My honoured Liege, with every virtue deck'd."
 Yes, yes, you always will, that's very well,
 But, think you, will it stop their threat'ning yell?
 "Pa. nassian yells," you say, "I little count,
 A fig for all the Hurons on the mount!"
Mon Dieu, take care, fear ev'ry thing, my mind,
 From a bad author, furiously inclin'd,
 Who, if he chuse, can.... "What?".... *I* know full well,
³⁹ "Bless me, what is it?" Hush, I must not tell.
 How fair a hand his tints should blend,
 How mild an eye on his should bend,



On seeing a Head of Raphael, elegantly copied by a young lady.

WHEN Raphael's genius gave with truth
 The pictur'd semblance of his youth,
 Had some kind Pow'r but lent his eye
 The piercing glance of prophecy,
 And shewn him through the mingled shade
 By distant climes, and ages made,

³⁸ When the eighth Satire was published, it met with extraordinary success. The king himself spoke of it several times with great praise. On one of these occasions, the Sieur de St. Mauris, of the horse-guard, told the king, that Boileau had another Satire composed, (the ninth) which was still finer than that, and in which he spoke of his Majesty. The king looked up with an air of surprise and offended dignity, and replied, 'a satire, in which he speaks of *me*, say you?' "Yes, Sire," answered St. Mauris, "but with all that respect which is due to your Majesty." The king then expressed a curiosity to see it, and when it was obtained, he admired it beyond measure, and shewed it to several ladies and others about court. This was contrary to Boileau's wishes; but when the poem was so much circulated, that there was danger of a defective copy getting abroad, he resolved to publish it. "Thus," says the commentator, to whom we owe this story, "it may in a manner be said, that this piece came to the publick, through the hands of the king."

³⁹ All the commentators have left these closing lines in the dark. Perhaps Boileau, too, meant to leave his readers as much perplexed as he did his own mind.

So gay a smile of joy had glow'd,
 So rich a light had round him flow'd,
 So soft a glance,—so bright a ray
 To please—to dazzle—to betray—
 That e'en thy pencil's magick trace
 Had paus'd to catch that wild'ring grace.

And if the fabled artist fir'd
 To love a form that all admir'd,
 Gaz'd on the statue he had wrought
 With secret pangs of raptur'd thought,
 And paid the image of his art
 The homage of a captive heart,
 E'en thou perchance, hadst danger found,
 From brows with such enchantment bound,
 And by thy genius to pourtray
 The nameless charm, hadst felt its sway;
 And by thy work, been taught to know
 A shaft like that from Cupid's bow. H.



On the Raising of Jairus' Daughter.

THEY have watch'd her last and quivering breath,
 And the maiden's soul has flown;
 They have wrapt her in the robes of death,
 And laid her, dark and lone.

But the mother casts a look behind,
 Upon that fallen flow'r.—
 Nay, start not—'twas the gath'ring wind,
 Those limbs have lost their pow'r.

And tremble not at that cheek of snow,
 Over which the faint light plays,
 'Tis only the crimson curtains glow,
 Which thus deceives thy gaze.

Didst thou not close that expiring eye?
 And feel the soft pulse decay?
 And did not thy lips receive the sigh,
 Which bore her soul away?

She lies on her couch all pale and hush'd,
 And heeds not thy gentle tread,
 And is still as the spring-flow'r by traveller crush'd,
 Which dies on its snowy bed.